

I OWE MY HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female troubles, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROSE STORIEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

REMARK MUST HAVE STUNG

English "Slackers" Got What They Deserved, From Waitress of the Little Restaurant.

They may have been medically unfit but certainly they didn't look it, or perhaps they were conscientious objectors. In any case they were neither armlets nor war badges. They were busily chaffing the waitress of the little restaurant, says London Answers.

"You'll have to hurry up, or you won't be married by next Christmas," said one young Hercules, with a grin. "Christmas will soon be here, you know."

"I wish next Christmas were here," said the girl sadly, "then perhaps this terrible war would be over."

"Don't say that," cried another, who was evidently doing well in the absence of better men. "When the war's over we'll all be out of work."

"Can't help your troubles," retorted the girl. Then she continued, with suspicious sweetness, "You needn't worry about that. After the war's over you can all join the army, you know."

STANDARD FLY SHY CHASES FLIES.

Prevents loss from fly nuisance on your stock. Repels flies, saves time, money and temper. The standard for years. At all dealers \$1.00 a gallon. Standard Chemical Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb.—Adv.

"Thirty-nine: Going on Fifty."

"How old are you?" Charles Pettijohn, a lawyer, was questioning a woman client, seemingly fifty or more.

"Thirty-nine."

"Speak right up," urged Pettijohn as the woman answered in a low tone. "You need not be ashamed of the questions."

"Thirty-nine," reiterated the woman, in the same tone.

"What did you say?"

"Thirty-nine, going on fifty."—Indianaapolis Star.

United States yearly produces \$20,000,000 worth of buttons.

Stop That Ache!

Don't worry about a bad back. Get rid of it. Probably your kidneys are out of order. Resume sensible habits and help the kidneys. Then, kidney backache will go; also the dizzy spells, lameness, stiffness, tired feelings, nervousness, rheumatic pains and bladder troubles. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

An Iowa Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

Mrs. C. A. LaSalle, 215 Market St., Sioux City, Ia., says: "My kidneys were in a weakened condition and my back ached so severely that I thought I would break. I found it impossible to do any housework and I felt heavy, drowsy and all worn out. My kidneys were inactive and the kidney secretions scalded in passage. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and got a lasting cure."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

CANCER

Tumors and Lupus successfully treated without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free illustrated book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM, 2500 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEEDS

Alfalfa, Sweet Clover, etc. Farms for sale and rent on crop payments. J. M. LULL, 200 City, Iowa.

APPENDICITIS

If you have tenderness or have GALLSTONES, INDIGESTION, GAS or PAINS in the right side, write for valuable Book of Information. L. S. HOFFMAN, 827 N. 2nd St., DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 30-1915

BIG COAST GUNS MAKE NEW RECORD

Sandy Hook Artillerymen Beat the World in Big-Gun Fire.

SIX HITS IN SEVEN SHOTS

Scored on Moving Target Six Miles Out at Sea—All Seven Shots Fired in Four Minutes and Twenty-one Seconds.

New York.—They did a reassuring thing with their big guns at Sandy Hook the other day, reassuring for any people of this city who may be disturbed from time to time by the periodic outbursts of the army critics who think that the Coast artillery doesn't know how to shoot. On the contrary they shoot so well that on the day in question they broke the world's record for big-gun fire on a range of over ten thousand yards. Seven shots were fired and six hits scored with a 12-inch gun playing on a moving target some thirty miles away, 11,120 yards to be exact.

The target was a floating pyramid, 12 feet square at the base and 15 feet high, a mere dot on the surface of the sea to the gunners at Fort Hancock. And yet so accurately did they locate the dot and gauge the motion through the water that had the flimsy pyramid target been a battleship, six of those 7,000-pound projectiles would have torn through her engine room. There were not only six hits, but they were bunched hits. And all seven shots were fired in 4 minutes and 21 seconds. Furthermore, the target was two or three miles farther away than a ship would be before she could get into the channel that would enable her to come up within hitting distance of the city.

The Men Who Did It.

The artillerymen who made this record were the members of the Forty-eighth company, Lieut. Marcellus H. Thompson commanding. Of course, shooting 12-inch guns so they will hit something is their regular job, but that particular day's work did attract some attention. (One hit in seven at 10,000 yards or over is considered good shooting.) Thompson says his men did it, and the men say Thompson did it. The silence of a 12-inch gun immediately before and after is as impressive as its roar.

But the supreme instant of its silence is when it gets up to speak. It has been so well fed—1,046 pounds of steel and 268 pounds of nitrocellulose—this chief speaker at a party that is a sort of international entertainment for a visiting fleet. Lieutenant Thompson, toastmaster, in a word of army lingo and a gesture, makes the introduction. Somebody releases a metal tooth that had locked and held another metal tooth, and the 52 tons of gun gets up above the parapet, rises 20 feet into the air without a sound as its lead counterweight sinks as silently 20 feet down into the emplacement. Then, the speech to the audience on the horizon!

Lieutenant Thompson dodges compliments and congratulations by explaining how the record shooting of his company never would have been possible but for the long years of hard work and training of the Coast artillery corps as a whole under the direction of General Murray and General Weaver.

Fuss About Missed Shots.

The men of the Forty-eighth company fuss more about the one shot that missed than the six that hit. They explain apologetically that at the instant the range for the fifth shot (the one that missed) came over the wire from the plotting room the gun was fired and the man at the time-range board did not hear accurately. He got the second or third figure beyond the decimal point wrong, and that made the next shot fall a trifle short. But the very next shot not only came within the limits of a battleship's vitals but demolished the pyramid target itself.

Before thinking that they must have been very careless on that lost shot, try to visualize and "audibilize" what goes on in the emplacement and the range-finding station when they are firing big guns. Remember that they fire every half-minute, that a thousand and one things must be done to the gun between shots, and that with a moving target each firing involves a brand-new problem involving a mass of lifelike higher mathematics. Also that you have to know the answer to each of these problems in 30 seconds.

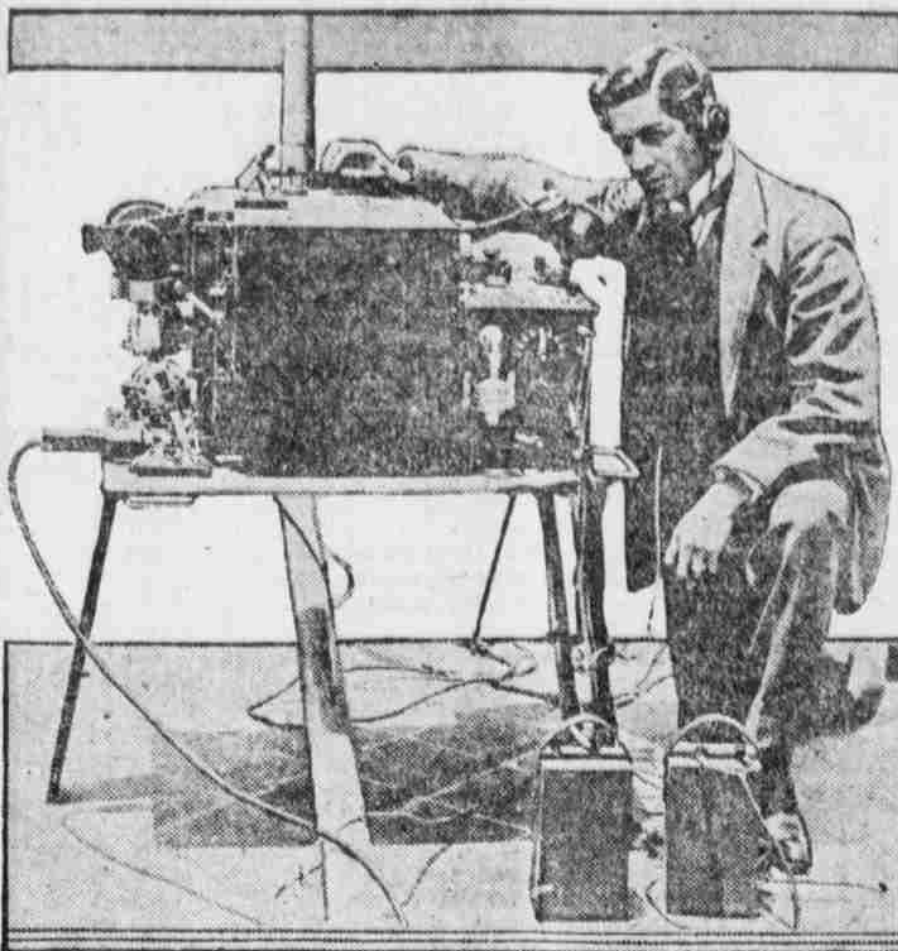
For each gun there are 15 men in the range section or position-finding service, and they must all agree on the result, and what they do must be supplemented by the 42 men who serve the gun itself. There can be no hitch. A blunder of one sort will lose a shot. A blunder of another sort will destroy a gun and scatter the fragments of half a hundred human bodies up and down the beach.

Again, only 30 seconds in which to do all those tremendous things accurately! Tenwork, if ever there was such a thing! You can't say that the brains of the thing are here or there. They are everywhere, one great composite brain.

How They Do It.

The beginning of each operation is in the base-line observation stations, two observatories 2,000 yards apart on the beach. In each of them a man is observing the moving battleship through a powerful glass; the intersection of the crossed hairs in the glass

MEXICANS USE AMERICAN WIRELESS



One of the five American "de Forest" portable wireless outfits being used by the Mexican government. The photograph shows a Mexican operating the machine. The apparatus can be put together or demounted in a few minutes.

is in line with the vessel's smokestack and constantly kept there by moving the glass. Bells ring simultaneously in both the stations on the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth second of each observation. On the third bell both observers read the angles on the scale and telephone those findings to the men at the plotting board, a big semicircular table, equipped with swinging brass arms to be moved across the board to give angles and distances.

That plotting room in firing time sounds very much like the old-fashioned schoolroom when the awful hour came for oral arithmetic. Only in the plotting room they throw in a lot of decimals, and one man takes up the problem at the instant it falls from the lips of the one ahead of him, and they not only have to think but use a lot of mathematical instruments at the same time. And when you think you have the answer, that is only the beginning. That is merely the uncorrected range.

More figures are to tumble into the situation as fast as a man can talk, several men rather. The wind is blowing and something must be allowed for that, three-tenths of a degree, say, for an eight-mile breeze. A man at the wind-measuring table must figure that out and contribute his bit. Don't forget the tide. With reference to the beach, where the gun is, the vessel on the sea, there is a decimal or so higher or lower for every shot. Somebody figures that out. The ship is moving over her course. Somebody else must work on that trifle to see by what hun-

dredth part of a degree the travel of the target affects the problem.

All in Half a Minute.

Then the shot itself, in a journey of six miles, is going to deviate some from a straight line. Answer to that, please. So all these things are called out to the man at the range board, who must co-ordinate them and correct the first answer. This, too, is all done in 30 seconds. And by the time the gun has been fired and loaded the observers and the plotters have done the thing all over again and flash the next range to the men at the gun.

Then there is muzzle velocity, which is never twice alike from two lots of powder. So the coast artillerymen blend their powder by hand, taking grains from different cans (a grain of nitrocellulose is about the size of a spool of thread) till they get the mixture they like, make a trial shot with that to see what muzzle velocity it gives, and then figure on the factor remaining the same so long as the same blend is used through one period of target practice. Of course, after a little while a change in the weather or temperature will upset that calculation, and another blend has to be made.

And after all this care in blending powder, all this precision in the mathematics of the thing, there comes in the gun pointer, not the man behind the gun, but the man crouched alongside it on his narrow, shelflike platform, with his eye on the target, too, and his hand on the delicate mechanism that in the last instant must be correct to a hair's breadth if the shot is going home.

ORGANIZE FIRST MOTHERS' POLICE

Women of New York's East Side Form Force to Regulate District.

PROTECTION FOR THE GIRLS

Principal Crusade Will Be Waged Against Cade System and Modern Dress and Movie Theater Evils Will Be Fought.

New York.—What is said to be the first mother police force in the history of the world has been organized on the lower East side of New York city. The primary purpose of the organization, which is composed exclusively of mothers of the district, is the protection of young girls. To this end it will make war on extremes in modern day dress, wage a campaign against that type of dance and movie hall regularly known as the cadet, and keep open house at all times for the young girl in need of advice.

As side lines of endeavor, the women police will keep a look out for false weights and tricky scales in trade shops, instruct immigrants in the requisites of good citizenship, keep watch on the public parks to prevent waste paper, litter and other forms of desecration, and generally aim at the upbuilding of community life.

The "mother police" is the idea of Harry H. Schlacht, a young attorney, who started the boy police movement, which has spread through the country with such rapidity the past few years. It was from the operation of his boy police force that Mr. Schlacht received his inspiration for the organization of this new department.

The "juvenile cops," as the boys styled themselves, were denied entrance to dance halls and were looked upon with disfavor at many moving picture theaters—or in general in fields of endeavor fruitful for the cadet. The young attorney talked the situation over with a number of mothers of the East side and 100 of them volunteered to lend their aid in the formation of an organization to abate the evil. Mr. Schlacht assumed active charge of

the membership campaign and already has succeeded in enrolling more than 5,000 applications from mothers who want to lend their support to the movement. The head of the force is Mrs. Rose Kelhoffer, a strong, aggressive woman upon whose shoulders rests considerable responsibility. She has declared herself for the removal of "blinds" for disreputable houses, dance halls, moving picture houses and va-



Mrs. Rose Kelhoffer, Chief.

deville houses, the prosecution of cigar stores selling cigarettes to minors, the throwing of inflammable refuse into fire escapes, supervision of immigrant girl employment and other reforms.

Every member of the force will be equipped with a police whistle and instructed to summon a regular policeman to her assistance at the first show of trouble. Whenever it is necessary the women will be directed to make arrests on their own initiative, under authority of the law. A number of the women have volunteered to act as supervisors of the "play streets" recently opened by the police, in addition to their regular duties. These enlistments are counted on to work wonders in the way of juvenile reform, as well as to reduce the percentage of deaths from traffic accidents.

Clock for Crown Prince.

Attesting their loyalty to the land of their nativity and as an expression of good will towards the royal family, Japanese residents of Washington, Montana and Alaska have had made a bronze and onyx clock as a gift for the crown prince of Japan. Before the gift can be officially tendered, however, permission must be obtained from the royal household.

The clock is 5 feet high and 14 by 14 inches at the base. Surmounting the entire clock is a globe with a bronze and silver meridian ring encircling the earth at the equator. On a separate limb is a highly polished bronze ball representing the sun in its relation to the earth at the various times of day.

Fitting and Proper.

"Now, what do you think of a man who would kiss and tell?"

"Oh, there's no harm in telling," said the fair debutante, "if he limits himself to telling the kisses how much pleasure it gave him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Original Elsewhere.

Sapleigh—I—aw—got off a weally elevah thing lawst evening.

Miss Cutting—Is it possible?

Sapleigh—Yaws, I wend it in a paph first, doncher know.

Never That Way.

"Darling, do you love me still?"

"You have never given me the chance to find out, dear."

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

DIFFERENT STRAIN OF BOYS

Little Story Shows Why It Is That Some Succeed in Life While Others Don't "Make Good."

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college. They both did well at college, took their diplomas in due time, and got from members of the faculty letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. When the first boy was given an audience with the head of the firm, he presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the president.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and if we have anything of the kind I will write to you."

The other boy then presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" the president asked him.

"Anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The president touched a bell that called a foreman, and the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron. A week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the superintendent, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In two years that young man was the head of a department, and on the way to a salary larger probably than his friend will ever earn.—Youth's Companion.

Inference.

Mr. Flatbush—Where in the world did you get this bread?

Mrs. Flatbush—I made it, of course.

Why?

"Oh, I don't know. I read today that ants have been found in Dalmatia that actually make bread by chewing seeds into pulp, forming it in loaves, baking them in the sun, and then storing them away for future use."

Heredity.

"How crusty that fellow is!"

"I guess that's because his father was a baker."

There are 428,063 persons in Yokohama.

SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it may be found just the remedy you need. At drugists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it.

Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Of Course Not!

A somewhat befuddled individual, who evidently had been lurching a trifle too freely, climbed on board the car with difficulty.

"What's the matter?" he asked, mildly, as he observed the conductor's impatience.

"Ain't this car the one I want?"

"How do I know whether it is or not?" growled the conductor.

"Oh, you must have known it, or you wouldn't have stopped to let me catch it," said the befuddled one.

IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND

Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic, write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written, it's absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

Anatomy From Experience.

The former big league baseball manager, who had been canned because the team finished last as usual, was taking a civil service examination in order to secure a political job. He was amazed at the list of fool questions on the examination paper. He didn't know the distance from the earth to the moon, so he passed that one up. And he could not describe a syzygy, so he called that test a loser. But the third question interested him. It said:

"Name the largest bone in the human frame."

And with a grin of confidence the former manager wrote this answer: "The head."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Has It?

Doctor—Is there no form of daily inexpensive active exercise you can take?

Patient—Oh, yes, doc. I dodge automobiles all the way down town.

Naturally.

"Mrs. Distangay, the society leader, has started a model dairy on her country estate."

"I suppose, then, she expects to get the cream of the trade."

Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915

Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre
Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre
Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best locations for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or

J. M. MacLachlan, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D., R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

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Fence 3/8 in. Round Pickets - 37 in. high when set.

Price including Gate and Posts

Complete F.O.B. Cars Cinc.O.

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8 x 8 ft. \$17.00 325

10 x 10 - 19.00 375

15 x 15 - 28.00 540

20 x 20 - 37.00 700

25 x 25 - 46.80 850

State if Lot is level or on slope

Write for Catalog of other Designs

Settees. You can easily erect our fence - We give full instructions

UNITED FENCE & GATE WORKS, CINCINNATI, O.